

## Select Miscellany

## RELIGION.

Religion is no leaf of faded green,  
Or flower of vanished fragrance, pressed between  
The pages of a Bible; but from seeds  
Of love it springs, watered by good deeds.

## Her Faith-Cure.

The day has been cold and fretful, but Mrs. Ferris, sitting quietly by her fire-side, gave only a passing thought to the cheerless weather. She had placed a large lantern in the porch, which sent its flood of encouraging light no more than a couple of rods into the fog, as she was wont to do every night of the year. This light had guided many a wayfarer along the black, treacherous road, just as the beacon on Captain's Island had kindly served many a storm-bound vessel off the rocky coast.

Mrs. Ferris was always throwing light upon some one's pathway. She was so brave and tender-hearted, so unselfish and wisely observant, that I suppose she could not help doing good every day of her life. Even when she established herself in her little willow rocking-chair before the glowing fire, after Betty, the colored domestic, had removed the tea things, the kind heart was not given to private speculations or idle reveries. To-night, however, her thoughts were evidently personal. For once she was thinking of herself. Not of self alone, for Mrs. Ferris had a son Ben, a tall, stalwart, noble fellow (so the neighbors described him), and he was having a large share of her thought to-night. The mother, whose wealth of affection for her son was simply measureless, was living over the past—a pardonable indulgence in one so lonely and loving.

It seemed but a few months since she was left a penniless widow, with three little boys clinging to her skirts. Two of them went away in the early June after their father died, and they never came back to her except in dreams. Many a time had she and Ben put the simple flowers of the field and forest upon their tiny graves. She was thinking of these frost-tipped lives as the silent tears fell upon her heedless hands. But she was a woman that could not brook dependence; so when the first autumn after her sorrow came, she was toiling in the school-room and sewing in the retirement of her attic chamber. Weary struggles soften under the subdued light of the long ago. It is not strange, therefore, that Mrs. Ferris lived those anxious, busy days over again with somewhat of quiet satisfaction, for she achieved a merited success through all the conflict, although at the expense of time, health, and repose.

By dint of ceaseless toil and prudent management, she had supported herself and her child, and even laid aside a respectable sum for the education of Ben. When she thought of the determined efforts which she put forth to send her boy to college; how she skimped, and starved, and saved; how she worked early and late; how she wore one bonnet four seasons, and went without a pair of black kid gloves for five years,—when she thought of all this her eyes flashed, and she gloried in her brave self-denial and wisdom.

Ben went to college when he was seventeen. He was obliged to be rightly economical. He did not dress very well. Life presented a queer aspect to him some of the time, but he did not mind it so much when he thought of his great-hearted, noble-spirited mother. He could bear things for her sake that he would not bear for his own. Ben was a proud fellow. It was in the blood. And when, at the end of the freshman year, he came home to his mother, bringing his first prize, I doubt if there could be found two happier people upon the face of the earth than this widow and her manly son.

Ben's college work was triumphantly concluded. And then he took matters into his own hands. "Now, mother," says he, "you've served me twenty-one years. Your time's out. We'll change places. I'll serve you twenty-one years." And the great, strong, healthy, handsome son, in his precious young manhood, was true to his word and purpose.

Those were bright days, when Ben came down to the city every night, and told his mother of his progress in the study of law, and how he had as many private pupils to instruct as he had hours to give them.

But these three years pass swiftly. Mrs. Ferris remembers the parting as though it were yesterday. Ben started for the West. The prospects were better for him in one of those earnest, busy, growing cities. How anxiously the mother watched for tidings! Her face assumes a pleading, expectant look even as she sits by her fire-side to-night, long since the uncertain days were lived. "Thank God," says the good woman. She speaks quite unconsciously, and her voice starts her from her reverie. She "thanked God" that Ben was established and prospering, and the words were the echo of words spoken more than ten years ago. And Ben did succeed in quite a phenomenal way. His physique was greatly in his favor, men of large frame, good flesh, and strong nerve hold their less fortunate brethren at a disadvantage. Then Ben's manners were frank, generous, prepossessing. His scholarship proved for less than his native sagacity and politeness. But his irresistible characteristics were vim, push, vigor, energy, force. It was useless to oppose the strong, aggressive personality of the man. Of course he succeeded. And he never, in all his striving, forgot his mother. She was the idol of his heart. He did not want her in the West with him. No, for the life was unsuited to her. She could not thrive in such an atmosphere. Wickedness was too bold and shameless, vice too rampant and offensive, for one of her pure, devout nature. So Ben made a home for her in the old town by the Sound.

How well she remembered the day when, after four years' absence in the West, her boy came back to her! Mrs. Ferris rises from her chair and paces the floor in the stress of her nervous excitement. She is going all through that happy day's experience. Ben came in all the flush and beauty of splendid manhood. He found her in the garden. Softly he stepped upon the neat turf border of the walk until, unheard, he stood behind her, when his arms just clasped her, and with the word "mother" still alive upon his lips, he bent over the frail startled woman and gently imprinted a kiss upon her pale brow. The neighbors said that he took her in his arms and carried her helpless as an infant, into the house. She never denied that such was the fact, for the truth of it is, she could not remember. What she did remember—and it sends the blood coursing through her veins to-night with some of the old vigor—was the voice of Ben saying with a glad boyish enthusiasm, "Mother, I hear that the old Mead place is for sale. They ask eight thousand dollars for it. I have got six thousand dollars in my pocket. I shall buy that place—give a mortgage for

two thousand dollars and pay the rest in cash—and then you shall have your birthday present." (The day following was Mrs. Ferris's birthday. She had well nigh forgotten it.) And the boy was as good as his word.

How proud the mother was of this robust, affectionate specimen of humanity. To-night she counts the number of times that he has journeyed to and fro between the East and the West. The mortgage is paid, the six acres handsomely improved, the house comfortably furnished, and as homelike a home as you could find in all the country round. And now the mother is thinking when Ben will come again. His law business called him to New York once or twice a year. It is about time for him to put in his welcome appearance.

"I wonder what sort of a night it is?" says Mrs. Ferris to Betty, as she spreads the table for the next morning meal. "I don't hear those frightful fog-whistles so often as early in the evening. Is that the wind? Why the fog must have cleared away! And, sure enough, it rains! Well, Betty, go to bed. I shall wait until the theatre train goes by. The weather makes me restless, I think."

So the mother takes her book in hand and sits by the table reading. The wind continues to rise. It pulls harshly at the blinds. The lantern in the portico creaks as if pained by the struggle to retain its proper position. The rain strikes the east eave of the house spitefully, the old groan and lament, the storm waxing angry and still angry. Suddenly Mrs. Ferris hears the wild whistle of the theatre train. It whistles for down breaks. The train stops at the station. "Dear me! who can be coming on the train at this time of night?" says Mrs. Ferris. Again the whistle shrieks, the train goes on, and the traveler, whoever he may be, is left to grope in the dark and the mind and the storm.

Hark! the gate creaks. Has the wind lifted the latch, or does it yield to some human touch? The mistress peers through the window into the gloom. Her heart takes a great leap. A man is coming up the walk. He sways to and fro in the wind as though impotent to fight the storm. It is Ben! And the mother hastens to the front porch, steps fearfully into the face of the tempest, and cries, "Ben!" Yes, it is he. He climbs the steps in a dazed, uncertain, hasty manner. His mother clasps him to her heart. He fails to respond. There is a wildness about him that is very strange. He groans as if in great distress. "O my boy! in God's name tell me what has happened?" His utterance is thick, yet vehement, his tone is that of anguish and despair. They stand in the doorway—the storm beating in upon them savagely, relentlessly—they look into each other's faces. The son is storm-stained, shivering, hopeless, the mother startled, appealing, terror-stricken.

"Mother, I am lost, ruined! Curse me!" The mother instinct rose superior to it all. Quick as thought the mother drew her boy into the cozy room and placed him within the light and warmth of the glowing fire. Then she brought him dry changes of garments, set the tea kettle singing upon the kitchen stove, made the snow-white table to glow beneath the weight of rich, substantial fare, and—all to no purpose. Her boy followed her with eyes that told alternate tales of weariness and frenzy. The fire was bright, but he shivered by its side; the garments were clean and warm, but that brought no comfort; the food was all the best, but it could not tempt him. No, he was burdened with the weight of a woeful sin and material things could afford no solace or relief. And now we leave mother and son alone. Their confidences are sacred, and we give them due respect.

When Bennett Ferris began work in the West he was as clean in life as any man you could name. But it sometimes occurs that radical changes in one's surroundings and associations will work radical changes in one's character, although the individual's habits of life may have been previously well fixed. Especially is this true of sensitive, impressionable natures. Meanwhile the better instincts will live and perpetually assert themselves in curious unexpected ways. Now Ben was a man whose very virtues made him peculiarly susceptible to certain vices. And when he did not breathe the pure atmosphere of a Christian home his danger was extreme. So his history was the history of a weary throng of men. He mingled with men, and he became as other men of like parts and passions. His hours were late, but he was never accused of drinking to excess. He played well, but he never played high, and he was always prompt to pay his gambling debts. According to the code of morals that obtained in the city where Ben practiced law, he was a man of unimpeachable integrity and superior character. He was trusted with large sums of money in his journeyings to New York. He was foremost in all laudable enterprises for the improvement of his city.

He gave generously to all philanthropic and religious appeals. His fine library, which cost him some eight thousand dollars, was open to all comers. In fact he was a man who was deemed worthy, by common consent, to hold the judgeship of that section, and the franchisees of the people called him to that honorable position.

When Judge Ferris came to New York in March he carried with him five or six thousand dollars of his own earnings, which he purposed to invest for his mother (always thinking of his mother), and some ten thousand dollars for a friend, which he was to dispose of in a certain interest. He arrived in the city on the morning of the 20th. He spent the day with several old cronies from the West whom he had not seen in many a day. He drank with them. He played with them. In the exuberance of good feeling he did, for the first time, perhaps, end in excess. He became sadly muddled. Human vultures, ever watchful for their prey, seized upon him. They led him on to high stakes. He lost. Drowning all prudence in whiskey straight, he risked every dollar that belonged to him. And then he did not stop. He risked every dollar that his friend had entrusted to him, and all was lost.

Judge Ferris was a ruined man. And what were his thoughts? Vain the attempt to paint them. In flashes of reason he heard his mother's voice. And it was that delusion that drew him away from the river's brink and lured him to the theatre train. He entered his mother's home as pitiable a human wreck as you can find in many a day upon the shores of time. For the wretched, bleeding soul of an erring, guilty man what balm equals a mother's deathless affection? Well for Bennett Ferris that God in his mercy spared him his mother!

To this sweet and stainless nature the stricken man revealed himself. He harshly told the story of his career, and then he relapsed into an ominous silence. At last the mother became fearful of immediate and appalling consequences. She asserted her authority. She compelled him to lie down upon her own bed. She tried to

soothe him by touch and voice. But it seemed useless. His brain was on fire. He talked wildly, incoherently. It was frightful, for ere long he did not know his mother, and she feared that death was staring him in the face. Before the hour was gone the doctor was summoned. Betty was actively ministering to her mistress's calls, while the ravings of the sick man and the wild chorus of the winds made the March night hideous and bodiless.

It was a case of brain fever, the doctor said. The strong constitution of the sufferer was greatly in his favor, but evidently he would have a seige of it. So the mother nursed him through the night and through the following day. The storm did not abate. Nevertheless, when evening came Mrs. Ferris left the bedside for the first time, and under the escort of her farm-boy she plunged into the blackness of the tempestuous evening. What could call her from home and the side of her sick boy at such a time? She must have been infected with her son's delirium! No, she is even now doing that which looks to the healing of the dear one of her heart. All day long she has planned how she may save him from the woe of consequences of his sin. Nothing less than the hope that she might succor him could have driven her from his presence to-night.

And now she hastens to the great stone mansion on the hill. An old New York banker has set up his household gods in the place. He is known to Mrs. Ferris as a large-hearted Christian philanthropist. She calls for him. In the library she meets him. They are known to one another. She needs no introduction. With no word of explanation, fired with a brave purpose, she states her earnest need.

"My friend," said she, "I am in great trouble. I must raise ten thousand dollars. My home and its contents cost eleven. Can you give me the money and take a mortgage?"

Her tearless eyes were irresistibly beseeching.

"Mrs. Ferris," replied the banker, after a moment's consideration, "I—I will, on behalf of the bank, give you seven thousand dollars on a mortgage."

"Oh, my God, to whom shall I go for the rest?" interrupted the sorrow-stricken woman in despairing tones.

"And I will lend you the additional three thousand," continued he, brushing away a tear that stole down his cheek.

How could a man help it, when such an agonizing appeal was made to him?

"You may give me your note, and perhaps your son had better sign with you."

Prudence still asserts itself even in moments of genuine sympathy and grief. The clock strikes the hour. She is home again, sitting patiently by the bedside.

The next morning a telegram is brought to the judge's "friend" in the western city. It reads:

"My son is very ill. Brain fever. Where shall I deposit your ten thousand dollars?"

Before the day is sped the reply is put in the mother's hands:

"Sorry the judge is sick. Deposit the cash to my credit in First Broadway National Bank. Telegraph at my expense any change in your son's condition."

And now came the long weary days and the long restless nights, and then returns the way of reason in the life of Bennett Ferris. When the first gleams appear the mother tells her story, that her son may know his relief. His words are very few and his tears are very many. Hope has not been kindled in his heart. The world may never hear of his shameful breach of faith and his overwhelming disgrace, but the solemn, treacherous fact remains. And the mother feels that this her son is reasoning, as day after day his health returns, but not his cheerfulness and buoyancy.

Perhaps it is three weeks since the memorable March night. Mother and son are sitting where the morning sunshine bathes them in its welcome light. It is the decisive hour of a lifetime.

"Mother, there's no one in the world cares anything about me but you."

The mother clasps his hand, and draws him close by her side.

"If it were known that I misappropriated that money, I doubt if a single man would defend me. I tell you, mother, this is a rough and heartless world when a man goes wrong in certain directions. He may swear, and drink and gamble, and play fast and loose with women, and yet be called very nice and respectable, but the instant he is 'swamped' by reason of these things, then men cuff him and kick him and stamp on him, and he is an outcast."

"Well, my boy, thank God that is not so with you."

"But, mother, if I am not disgraced in the sight of my old associates and clients, the fact is a matter of record that I deserve disgrace, and that I am not trustworthy."

"Ben do not say it. The world might easily love faith in you, but I never."

"Yes, mother, you're good and I'm your boy."

"Now, Ben," and the mother rose from her chair and faced her boy. "The day has come. You are disheartened and hopeless. I see that you do not care to return to your western life. You feel that, however men may trust you, you can never trust yourself, and a man that cannot trust himself is a sorry dependence. My boy, you cannot change the past, but you can redeem the past. You cannot wipe out a fact, but God in his infinite love has so ordered life that we can evoke good from evil and transform a bitter memory into a piteous and merciful warning. That which you have done is done. God pardon you for your sin and crime. But it stands to-day, not as a relentless, vindictive tyrant, but as a heavy chastisement—a fiery discipline, persuading the heart to manlier effort. O Ben, my dear son, I have a charge for you. I know not whether the prayer of faith today will heal the sick of body. But this I know, there is a faith-cure that is real—the faith-cure of the soul. There is work for you to do and you will do it well. There is a noble life for you to live, and my son, you will live it. I dare not say to the diseased body, in the name of Christ, 'Be healed,' but I dare say to your suffering spirit, in Christ's name, 'Be healed.' My faith in you is undying."

It is the blossoming month of June, and just twenty-one years since Bennett Ferris took his plunge into the cold world. The judge—now member of congress—is at home with his mother. The neighbors are entirely poverty-stricken when they look for words to express their esteem and admiration for the man. They come in large numbers to pay their respects to him. But now at twilight he sits alone. He is thinking of the words he spoke so many years ago, "Mother, you've served me twenty-one years. Your time's out. We'll change places. I'll serve you twenty-one years." And now the record of the happy servitude is lifted. All debts are paid, the mortgage lifted, a snug sum has been invested in bank stock for the mother, a reasonable amount of substantial properties in Bennett Ferris' own name bear witness to his

prosperity. But what are these things worth over against a sterling manhood? A better work than the builded fortune, he has built a noble character. And whatever may be the virtue of faith touching the cure of the body, no one can deny its virtue touching the cure of the soul, for here was a faith-cure veritable and enduring.—Frank S. Child, in *Illinois Christian Weekly*.

## New Advertisements

## HIS SON'S ADVICE.

I have been troubled for over twelve years with a weakness of the kidneys and bladder, which the doctors said was diabetes. I could not at times stand up, and would have to continue the use of the urinal both day and night, with intense pains in my back and sides; there was brick-dust deposits in my water; I could not rest well or easily in bed in any posture. I was at that time employed by the Maine Central Railroad, and had to give up work for a time. Fearing that it would sooner or later turn to that dreaded Bright's disease, I called in my son in Lewiston, who is in the drug business, and after consulting with him as to my case, he advised me to use Hunt's Remedy, as he knew of so many successful cures that it had made in Lewiston and vicinity. I at once commenced using it and began to improve. I had less pain in my back and sides, my water was passed naturally with less color and no pain, and after using several bottles found that my pains were all gone and the weakness of the kidneys and bladder were cured, and I have no trouble with them now, and can attend to my business; and for one of my years I am enjoying good health, and thanks to Hunt's Remedy for it, and I consider it a duty and pleasure to recommend so good a medicine as Hunt's Remedy, and I have taken pains to recommend it to others in this vicinity.

You are at liberty to publish this acknowledgment, hoping it may be the means of helping suffering humanity.

H. B. CLARK, Furniture Dealer,

Formerly with Maine Central Railroad.

NEWPORT, Me., May 17, 1883.

## SHERIFF'S STATEMENT.

Within the past three years I had occasion to use in my family a medicine for dropsy, as the physicians seemed baffled in the case, and the case was a severe one, of bloating, and one of the physicians recommended tapping, and I, as well as one of the attendants, was opposed to it. Hunt's Remedy was recommended by some friend, and the first few doses relieved the pain, and a wonderful improvement took place at once; and I can truly say that Hunt's Remedy is a wonderful medicine. Several bottles were used, and it proved all that was recommended, and I heartily recommend its use to those suffering from dropsy or kidney troubles.

Geo. B. ROBERTSON, Deputy Sheriff.

BANGOR, Me., May 18, 1883.

## A MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY

WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY

By the route of the line, connecting the

East and the West by the shortest route, and carrying

passengers, freight, and mail, between Chicago, St. Paul,

St. Louis, Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln,

Atchafalpa, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. It connects in

equipment with all the great trunk lines of the Pacific

Coast, being composed of the Great Northern, Northern

Pacific, Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and the

Chicago and North Western. It is the only line that

operates between Chicago and St. Paul, via the famous

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via St. Louis and Kansas

City, New York, New Orleans, New Orleans, New Orleans,

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## New Advertisements.

## SKIN HUMORS!

Wonderful Cure of a Lad 12 years old, who for 8 years, from the top of his head to his ankles was One Mass of Scabs.

My son, a lad of twelve years of age, was afflicted with the worst form of Eczema for a period of eight years. So violent was it that from the top of his head to within a few inches of his ankles he was one mass of scabs, which refused to yield to any treatment that was attempted. Every remedy that was suggested by friends or physicians was tried in vain. Alopecia, humors, herbs, roots, salt water baths, flaxseed, poultices, soap, ointments, and in short everything that could be done to eradicate the disorder seemed only to aggravate it, and the child's life became a burden to him, and the expense of the various experiments was a constant drain upon our resources.

My wife, reading the advertisement of the CUTICURA REMEDY in one of the daily papers resolved to make one more attempt at a cure. (The disease was now encroaching upon his face, and seemed incurable. I gave a reluctant consent to the proposal, and an interview was sought with a famous lady physician of New York, who made a most thorough examination of the case, and pronounced a cure without the least doubt by the use of your CUTICURA REMEDY. In one week there was a marked change; the scabs began to fall off, and as time went on the skin began to disappear entirely, until at the present writing the only vestige of the disease is upon the forearm, scarcely visible and fast disappearing.

Thus after eight years of expense and anxiety we have the intense satisfaction of seeing the child healthy, bright and smooth as it was before this dreadful cutaneous disease attacked him. Sincerely yours,

CHAS. EATON HINKLE,

249 FAIRMOUNT AVE., NEWARK, N. J.

CHILDHOOD and youth are the periods when such diseases yield most readily to those unfailing Skin and Blood Purifiers, CUTICURA, RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, and CUTICURA, and CUTICURA SOAP, the great Skin Cure. Price of CUTICURA, small bottle, fifty cents; large bottle, \$1.00. CUTICURA, Resolvent, \$2.50 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, twenty-five cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT SOAP, fifteen cents. Sold by all druggists. Pottery Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

**BABY BEAUTIFIER** For Infants and Birth Humors, Cuts, Chapped, or Greasy Skin, Eczema, Eruptions, etc. Cleanses, soothes, and cures all skin diseases. Price of CUTICURA, small bottle, fifty cents; large bottle, \$1.00. CUTICURA, Resolvent, \$2.50 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, twenty-five cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT SOAP, fifteen cents. Sold by all druggists. Pottery Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

## THE WISE PREVENT SICKNESS.

## SANFORD'S GINGER

A Delicious Combination of Imported French Brandy, Colic, Cholera, Feverish and Rheumatic symptoms, Ague Pains and Malaria.

Cures Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Sea Sickness, Fatigues, Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhea, and all incidental to change of climate.

A Fruit Stimulant without alcoholic reaction, delectable in flavor, and of great medicinal value, promotes sleep, eradicates a craving for intoxicants, and strengthens the system by its tonic and purifying properties.

Beware of all Gingers said to be the same or as good as Sanford's. Avoid mercenary dealers, who for a few cents extra profit try to force upon you a cheap or inferior when you call for Sanford's Ginger. Sold by druggists, grocers, etc.

Pottery Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

COLLINS' VOLTIC For the relief and prevention, the instant it is applied, of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Coughs, Colds, Weak Back, Stomach, and Bowels, Shooting Pains, Numbness, Hysteria, Female Pains, Palpitation, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Bilious Fever, Jaundice, and Eruptions, use Collins' Plaster.

Sanford's Electric Plaster, with a Porous Plaster, and laugh at pain. 25 cents everywhere.